and criss-crossed with rusty iron bars. The glas in them was practically all broken. The door swung on its hinges. The yard about was fenced and rough with long grass. The gate had gone. I went in.

It had been filled with English varnished hard upright ugly pews for a people who habitually sat on the floor with easy grace. These pews curved round and ran away from, in empty legions, an enormous pulpit to which two curved stairways, each with a discoloured brass rail, ascended. Before it, elevated, were two pens, and in the lower a table covered with a torn red rep cloth with a faded gold fringe. In the pulpit, on a red rat-nibbled cushion with tarnished gold tassels, lay a book—the only book in the place whose barn-like immensity and empty pews terrified me. Perhaps not surprisingly it was a copy of the Old Testament in Tahitian. I do not mean that the New Testament is not read. No doubt

it is. But its absence was not without significance, for the spirit of the New Testament seemed far to seek,

A few more houses, and I struck the first of the half-dozen Chinese stores. You can always tell a